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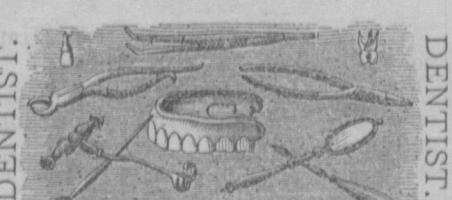
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

## VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

NUMBER 26.

### STORY TELLER.

#### FIVE YEARS.

I used to dream in all these years,  
Of patient faith and silent tears,—  
Thine love's strong hand would put aside  
The barriers of place and pride,—  
Would reach the pathless darkness through,  
And draw me softly up to you.  
But that is past. If you should stray  
Beside my grave some future day,  
Plead me the violets o'er my dust  
Will half betray their buried trust,  
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,  
She loved you better than you knew."

He staid only two days; he told her  
of the pretty village where he intended  
to settle and, with much hesitation,  
said at length:

"I shall not be able to give you as  
good a home as the one I take you  
from, Eda. My practice will of course  
be small at first, and we must econo-  
mize in every possible way—indeed,  
uncle told me that we ought not to  
think of such a thing as keeping house  
at first, as it costs so much to furnish  
a house even decently, and he thinks,  
as he has helped me to my education,  
he has done all that is necessary."

"But Wendell, you forget!" Eda  
forced herself to say, even while her  
cheeks burned with blushes—"you for-  
get that all the household furniture  
here is mine, and that father will sell  
the farm and go with us."

There was a pause for a few moments,  
and then he said—and he had the  
decency to blush:

"Have you never thought, Eda,  
that your father's condition would injure  
my practice very much?"

"In what way?" and Eda's paling  
cheeks betrayed her indignation.

"Don't you see? people would say,  
if he possessed any skill he would cure  
his wife's father, who only suffers from  
this fall."

Eda made no reply, but drawing his  
ring from her finger, she dropped it on  
the table beside him, and was leaving  
the room. He stopped her, saying:  
"Eda, wait a moment! Do you realize  
that what I say is for your welfare,  
not harsh as it seems to you? Do you  
think I would mind poverty for myself?  
I hope to be able to cure your  
father, and then we will be happy together  
in our own little home. Do you think  
this waiting is as hard for you as  
it is for me?"

He pleaded thus, and Eda's heart  
listened while her pride rebelled; so it  
was settled, they should wait a year and  
a half—the time it would probably  
take for Mr. Ainslie's restoration to  
health.

Wendell went away that day. His  
last words were characteristic. Eda  
stood by the gate looking after him,  
her large eyes heavy with unshed tears.  
Glancing back at her he said:

"For mercy's sake, Eda, don't look  
so forlorn, it makes you look ten years  
older!" then coming nearer, he added:  
"take good care of your beauty, pet,  
and don't grow old-fashioned!"

He settled in P—, and for a time  
his visits to Maple Grove were quite  
frequent, but, as Mr. Ainslie's health  
improved, frequent visits were unnec-  
essary and he made his daily growing  
practice an excuse for coming only  
when necessary, and, at the last, two  
months had intervened between his  
last visit and the one immediately  
before it. Mr. Ainslie was now able to  
be about the house, and Eda's heart  
was full of love and gratitude to Wendell  
for what he had done for her father.  
books," he said.

I think Eda's mother would have  
helped her, but two years before the  
time of which I write, God had called  
the patient, gentle woman home, leaving  
Eda to miss her more and more as  
the days went by.

All that year Eda studied every move-  
ment she could get, keeping her books  
hidden from her father—the dear father  
so kind in everything else—and living  
on Wendell's letters. Toward  
the end of the year there began to be  
longer intervals between these letters,  
and they were shorter; but Eda said  
to herself, "he is very busy, doubtless,  
preparing to come home." Weeks  
went by, bringing no letter, and Eda  
began to be alarmed, when she received  
a letter saying his uncle wished him  
to remain away another year, and telling  
her of the immense benefit it would  
be to him in his practice; so Eda, with  
lips that would tremble, and gloomy  
forebodings at her heart, packed away  
again the pretty trousseau selected  
with so much care to please Wendell's  
taste.

Have I told you that Eda was very  
beautiful? These years had added to  
her beauty, save only they had stolen  
the arch, merry look, and left in its  
stead a grave, weary expression, which  
seemed out of place on Eda Ainslie's  
face—a look which made her father  
say:

"What is it, darling? why don't I  
ever see the dimples now?"

"Nothing, father, but I'm growing  
older, you know."

The old man sank rapidly after this,  
and in a year Eda was left alone. She  
sold the farm, stock and tools, bought  
a little cottage in the village, and set-  
tled quietly down with an orphan girl  
—Emma Söldene—as companion.

Then the pestilence spread its black  
wings over the sunny homes of our  
Southern brothers, and, for a time,  
there seemed to be none to pity, none  
to help. Eda made her last sacrifice  
now; giving her property to Emma,  
she turned to her promised husband, urg-  
ing him to come as soon as possible.  
He reached home a few weeks before  
the time appointed for their marriage,  
but, even in his first greeting, Eda  
noticed a constraint which wounded her  
pride, even while she excused it by saying,  
"He has been away so long that we  
are almost strangers."

in spite of tears and entreaties she  
went where the scourge was fiercest,  
and battled with it bravely, till one day  
the weary hands left off their gentle  
ministering, the blue eyes closed, and  
there flashed over the wires this message  
to Emma, waiting and watching in  
her northern home:

"Eda is at rest forever!"

#### NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

MACON, Ga., June 12, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RINGER:—From the  
date of this letter you will notice that  
my appointment is here to-day, but I  
have been advised by the Rev. Mr.  
Glazebrook, rector of Christ Church,  
to postpone it to some other time, to  
which I have most willingly agreed,  
because it is a very bad week, being  
commencement, which is the topic of  
conversation among the students of  
the colleges in this city. He told me  
that he was very anxious for me to  
hold a service in his church, and that  
when I visited this place again he  
would be glad to give me a Sunday  
in his church if I wished it. I will be  
back again some time in the fall. I am  
much pleased with his fine appearance,  
I could not talk with him long, as he  
had an appointment to baptize a sick  
baby. I will, however, call on him  
again this afternoon to bid him good  
bye, as I leave for Savannah, Ga., to-  
night. His father was once one of the  
Visitors of the Virginia Deaf and Dumb  
Institution. His manners, as a gentle-  
man, pleased us all very much. Little  
did I imagine that I should meet his  
son here on a visitation.

Mr. Quinn told me that a little deaf-  
mute colored boy was a few days ago  
severely hurt by being run over by the  
cars in this city, and that another little  
deaf-mute boy was killed about that  
time at Columbus, Ga., by being run  
over by the cars.

My good friend Mr. Upham, of  
Watertown, N. Y., said in the JOURNAL  
of last week that Mr. Hawk lost his  
life in the same way. Mr. Upham and  
I last year called on him, and he said  
he came near being killed by the cars.  
I told him that he ought never to  
walk on the track. But now his spirit  
has flown away. I am told by several  
citizens that the deaf-mutes generally  
seem to think that the railroad is made  
to kill the deaf-mutes. My very dear  
sons have made me promise never to  
walk on the railroad, and I am fully de-  
termined to keep my promise to relieve  
them of their uneasiness about me.

In one of his annual reports, Dr.  
H. P. Peet condemned this practice.  
Mr. Chase, of Florida, was here last  
Friday to meet me, but could not wait  
as he was obliged to go home. He  
looked well then. I would have been  
glad to have met him here. I am  
about leaving here for Savannah, Ga.  
Yours sincerely,

I read in the *Penny Press* that a  
deaf and dumb man by the name of  
Albert M. Townsend was run over and  
killed by a railway train at Fountain  
City, Ind., on the 11th inst.

H. L. Cole, of Annapolis Junction,  
Md., says he is sorry to hear that I  
could not make the colored mute  
(Monroe) understand, and the latter  
does not know everything about the  
code of laws. Now, I would like to  
ask him if he read "few simple signs,"  
and the last of the article of the 29th  
ult. in the JOURNAL. I know the fine  
is too severe, but the judge says so-  
ciety must be defended against repeat-  
ed offences of this nature. Yesterday  
afternoon I went to the workhouse in  
order to get the colored mute's de-  
scription, which is as follows: Age  
over 45 years; right thigh has a good  
size soft lump in the back of it; height,  
five feet six inches; Burnsides whiskers  
and hair a little gray, and a good  
scar on his right arm. He was at  
the workhouse about two years ago  
for the same offence, where they say  
he has been quiet and obedient. I  
think he was a slave in the South, as  
his simple signs are as follows: "Very  
warm, hoeing, picking cotton, and us-  
ing ropes on a ship like a sailor."

He wants to go home, but he does not  
know his residence nor name. Please let  
me know his residence, and I pre-  
sume the board of directors of the  
workhouse will pardon him by his  
friends petitioning. George Monroe  
is still in the workhouse, where he has  
been since the 15th of May last.

Truly yours,  
JAMES N. GILMORE

#### DEATH OF MISS SARAH F. PERRY.

[From the Columbus, O., Mute's Chronicle, June  
7, 1870.]

One week ago to-day Miss Perry  
was conveyed to her home upon Lexington  
Avenue. Two weeks ago tomorrow she was in  
the full performance of the duties of the school room.  
To-day she is sleeping the dreamless  
sleep that knows no waking, in Green-  
lawn, home of a generation's dead. The  
seeds of pulmonary troubles germinated  
a year or longer ago. For several  
months her appearance and declining  
strength had excited the solicitude of her institution friends.  
With growing pain they saw her daily  
wasting. She herself with heroic per-  
sistence until the last week of life  
cherished the fond delusion that she  
would soon revive again. She died  
gently and peacefully on Monday af-  
ternoon at 4:40 surrounded by her  
friends and a few of her most intimate  
friends.

Death, aside from its most distressing  
incidents, had no terrors for her. She  
improved her last hours in arranging  
her personal affairs with as much  
care as she had ever bestowed upon  
life's daily business. Drowsiness at  
times wasted her mind away upon the  
wings of fancy, but she was always  
easily roused, and her mental faculties  
were clear to the last. The aching  
memory of her friends is filled with  
tender reminiscences of her last hours,  
from which we trust will be drawn a  
fuller memorial notice.

The rector lost his wife in Bruns-  
wick, Ga., by yellow fever, in 1858.  
He has sent his children north to be  
educated. He knows Rev. H. W. Sytle,  
of Philadelphia.

Last Friday night I happened to  
meet a gentleman in this city who told  
me that he had a deaf-mute sister. I  
asked him where she was educated because  
he could not get a full congregation  
for me on account of the excessive  
heat. He advised me to come to him  
on the 15th of May last. I am at a loss  
to know how she learned the signs there.  
I asked him her name. He said it was Phoebe  
Finch, and that she died in Banks-  
ville, Conn., aged 51 years, in 1857 or  
1858. If Principal Job Williams finds  
out that she was once a pupil at Hart-  
ford, he will please send the fact to  
you for publication.

I received a letter from the venerable  
Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H., last Friday, in which he  
said he wished me to make inquiries  
about his old classmate Mr. Neilson,  
of Warm Springs, N. C., as he had not  
heard a word from him for many years.  
Yesterday I met a gentleman from that  
place and asked him if he knew Mr.  
Neilson. He replied that he did not.  
He said he would write to me if he  
found out any thing about him. I  
gave him my address. I am a little  
afraid that he has long been dead.

Last Saturday I had a fine steam  
train down the Savannah to Tybee Is-  
land, a summer resort, to enjoy the  
sea breeze. Tybee Island will be called  
the Long Branch of Georgia before  
long, or when all the improvements are  
made. We passed Fort Jackson,  
and Fort Pulaski, on the river, is well  
defended. The mouth of the river is  
nineteen miles from Savannah. I go  
to Charleston, S. C., this morning.

Yours sincerely,  
JOHN TURNER.

#### STILL IN THE WORKHOUSE.

CLEVELAND, O., June 16, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Enclosed you will  
find one dollar, for which you will  
please send the JOURNAL for eight  
months to Mitchell Stanton, No. 66  
Pearl street, Cleveland, O. He says  
your paper is very interesting about  
deaf-mutes. He, who is a graduate of  
the Scotland Deaf and Dumb Institution,  
came to this country a few years ago,  
and is working on the coal docks.  
His wages are very good.

reations, their entertainments, their  
literary struggles, she entered with a  
self-forgetfulness remarked by all, but  
endearing her most tenderly to our  
young mute people. The fact that her  
chosen line of duty led her along a  
pathway somewhat aside from the  
more stirring current events of life,  
she never referred to as a privation or  
a burden. Her dying words were, "I  
am glad that I have lived for the deaf  
and dumb." Devotion to her life work  
wrought in her a joyful punctuality.  
She went to her school room when in  
health with elastic step and smiling  
features. Her seat in chapel was never  
vacant. When urged, in declining  
strength, to omit chapel attendance  
she replied, "How can I omit the most  
delightful season of the day?" At our  
pupils' parties she was always present  
and earnestly, happily active in  
promoting the good cheer of others.

At teachers' meetings her brow was  
never clouded by any lack of interest  
in the proceedings.

Never did a person contribute a life  
more fully and cheerfully to the good  
of others. To feed the lambs of Christ,  
the weak, the ignorant, the feeble,  
the forgotten, this was her life. Her care  
for them was ceaseless. Her care of  
herself was less than her friends de-  
sired. Each day she did, unsolicited,  
many a kindly act for others. Day by  
day she claimed little or nothing for her-  
self. Her deaf fingers wrought wear-  
ily many an hour to adorn the life of  
the children about her. For herself she  
sought neither ornaments nor admira-

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The Deaf-Mutes' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## SHALL WE HAVE A NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE CONVENTION?

The above is the "question before the house." It is one to be answered by the deaf-mutes of the United States; one which should be considered, carefully, thoroughly, and with coolness; then we trust there will be sufficient affirmatives to guarantee a national convention, patronized by people enough to insure its success.

We make bold to publicly open up on the subject of a convention of this kind because we think that in so doing we are complying with the secret wishes of many, as well as the expressed desire of many others who have spoken and written to us upon the subject. We think we are safe in assuming that a large majority of the educated deaf and dumb of this country are in favor of holding a national convention, and the matter has been canvassed somewhat by various bodies of deaf-mute organizations; but we take the responsibility to promulgate the question in public print, feeling assured that many of our deaf-mute readers and friends will be willing at least to know our personal views in regard to the subject.

We know of no good reason why such a convention should not be held, and held in August, 1880, but we know of several—good ones we think—why one ought to be held, and we are, personally, in favor of having it then held. We are heartily in favor of holding the convention next year, and in favor of making it such a source of pleasure as will warrant the holding of annual deaf-mute conventions thereafter, or if not annual at farthest biennial. As no one seems to have the go-ahead spirit to bring this matter before the deaf-mutes of the country, although many favor the idea of the convention, we run the risk of criticism, and chance the successful or unsuccessful termination of the project, by shouldering the responsibility of bringing the issue before our readers. If anything is ever accomplished in this direction somebody must set the ball in motion, and, as no one else seems to be willing to do so openly, we will start it by giving it a friendly kick.

There are local deaf-mute organizations in various parts of the country, by which small gatherings of deaf-mutes are brought into the society of each other occasionally, or at stated periods, and in this State we have our own Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, which meets in convention once in two years, but no national organization of deaf-mutes has yet been inaugurated for the assembling of the deaf-mutes from all parts of the country—in a homogeneous body—gathering together our people from one end of the union to the other. Our State association has worked well so far, having been an organized society for the past thirteen years, and we see no reason why it may not indefinitely continue prosperous; and if a State society of deaf and dumb proves successful a national organization of a similar kind—though of larger dimensions—should prove to be equally prosperous.

We should in some way be provided with means for becoming better acquainted with one another as a class. Scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the northern lakes to the great gulf on the south, as a national community of deaf and dumb, of each other we practically know nothing. Long journeys, attended with considerable expense, are formidable barriers to many of the deaf and dumb visiting others of the same class in neighboring or remote States, except in rare instances, or in a few cases where wealth admits of such indulgences. Through the agencies of a national organization of deaf and dumb, with the facilities that it might be made to command for that purpose,

hundreds—aye, perhaps thousands—of our people in ordinary comfortable circumstances could participate in excursions to and from our national conventions once in one or two years and become better enlightened in regard to our great country.

What is needed first is to arrange for a national convention next year. Then we want to make it such a grand pattern of success that we can thereafter hold a convention once in one or two years. All this can easily be accomplished if everybody favoring such a plan will go to work with their minds settled upon success. This national deaf-mute convention idea is no new chimera to us; we have had the idea in our mind for a long time, and have patiently waited for some of our JOURNAL contributors to bring up the subject before the people. But "procrastination is the thief of time," and we have come to the conclusion that we have waited long enough already. Folding one's arms and closing one's eyes in the sweet intoxication of dreams never laid a cable telegraph nor constructed a Pacific railroad. Action, will, and well-directed plans, if anything, must bring this question to a successful issue.

Like the most of other societies, a national deaf-mute association at its first convention would, of course, accomplish but little business except to organize permanently by electing officers and adopting a constitution. But the first convention would be made one of interest and of great enjoyment to all present.

Pre-supposing that our friends will take this matter in hand and help one another and help us in settling this question in favor of a national convention of deaf-mutes in the month of August, 1880—a first-rate time for the first convention as there are no other deaf-mute conventions to be held next year—we wish to suggest that the first convention be held in this village. To this there may be objections on account of its being so far from the center of the union, but there is a way open for making this a desirable place for the first convention, and after that we would, of course, be in favor of holding the conventions at more centrally located points of the Union. There is no pleasanter place, nor one with more hospitable people, for holding the convention than this. Then an excursion from here to the Thousand Islands, in the St. Lawrence River, whose picturesque beauty, healthfulness, and romance are a part of the history of America and the known world, would afford to our people an opportunity for the enjoyment of indescribable, unequalled pleasure. The Thousand Islands are the summer season resort of people from all quarters of the United States and many of the old world. No more delightful place can be named or conceived for a summer excursion than among the Thousand Islands. They are but 80 miles from here, and are reached by cars and steamers in a few hours.

Should it be decided to hold the convention in this place in 1880, we doubt not we can make arrangements with railroad companies and steamboat lines for bringing and returning at extraordinary low rates of fare all who desire to attend the convention. In order to relieve all undue anxiety and care from deaf-mutes, or others who would like to be present at the convention and enjoy the grand carnival, we would endeavor, for those who prefer it, to arrange so as to sell first-class tickets including first-class board and lodgings. All purchasing such tickets would be entirely absolved from all care as to board and lodging during their stay here at the convention and during the extended excursion to the Thousand Islands, as well as their board and lodging at the Thousand Islands. Should the convention be held here we will guarantee to all attending it a grand time of pleasant enjoyment and the treatment which all ladies and gentlemen deserve.

It now remains for us to hear from others on this national deaf-mute convention subject. Our columns are open to the airing of the matter by those opposed to or in favor of the convention. If it is finally decided to have a convention we will as early as May publish a programme and furnish the entire details.

## TALENT APPRECIATED.

On the 18th inst. Dr. Thomas MacIntire, the lately deposed superintendent of the Indiana Institution for Deaf-Mutes, was elected to a similar position in the Michigan Institution at Flint. Dr. MacIntire is a gentleman possessing rare talent as an executive officer of institutions of that kind, is liberally educated, is well versed in deaf-mute language, is every way worthy, and we are pleased to see the wisdom displayed by the trustees of the Michigan Institution in securing his valuable services.

## WESTON'S VICTORY.

To those who have given any attention to pedestrianism on this or the other side of the Atlantic, the success of Weston in the just concluded contest in England is a great surprise. Although Weston was the pioneer of professional pedestrianism in this country, and although he has been almost constantly before the public as an attempt of great feats of walking, he has been no less celebrated for his failures than for his attempts. Indeed his failures were the rule and not the exception. It was, therefore, considered a foolish offer on his part to enter for this last great contest, and as the reports of his performances on the track last week were sent over the wires, and it was shown that he really had a chance to win, all the sympathy of an American public went out to him. It may be truly said that his performance has amazed us on this side of the water, and that his victory has placed him high in public estimation. The New York Star in comment upon the recent contest says:

Weston's astonishing feat at Agricultural Hall has probably created a great deal more surprise on this than on the other side of the Atlantic. The match appears to have been in all respects a square one, and to have tested the finer staying qualities of the man to the utmost; and for these reasons the result is remarkable because Weston, with all his pluck and spirit, is not here regarded by those who know him best, as indicating in his physique those qualities which are most needed in such a contest. He is not a strong man judged by any ordinary standard of strength. With a light, little body, a nervous organization, and that conformation generally which we associate with insufficient vitality, he would not be selected either by the artist or the athlete as a fine type of the enduring, muscular man. That he does, however, in spite of these deceptive appearances, possess an altogether exceptional fund of strength, cannot be doubted by any one who reads the account of his extraordinary contest with Brown.

It will be remembered that when Rowell, Ennis and Harriman competed here, the experts predicted success for Rowell and disaster for Harriman by comparison of these same physical appearances. Rowell's broad chest, well knit frame and solid muscular development was held to be all in his favor. An explanation from these same experts of Weston's points will now be timely. The fact is that physiology will find in these modern pedestrian contests a new and interesting subject for study. We suspect that it will be found presently that supremacy in such feats of endurance depends much more largely than has been suspected, on an adjustment of functions than on the possession of exceptional vigor or mere physical strength.

## HOME AND CHILDREN.

We are all endowed with humanity more or less, and some degree of intelligence which elevates us above the common level of the brute creation. But how few of us use that humanity and intelligence in making home and children the center of attraction. Many, very many, of our homes are dark and cheerless in the inside, and the outside is no better. If every man and woman in this nation would devote at least half their time to the comfort and social instincts of their families, and make their homes bloom in the sunlight of love and the handiwork of God's creation, we would have fewer profligate sons and daughters.

Fathers and mothers, think for one minute, and let that thought be for the adornment and comfort of your home and children. Already too much of time has been spent in idle gossip, office-seeking, and political strife. Supply these with books, flowers, and music, and occasionally give them a draught of the honeyed milk of kindness, and see what a change you will make in the distressed hearts and homes of wanton neglect. If you can not give them wealth you can give them an education and kindness. Let us all strive to make our homes attractive, so that our boys and girls when they have arrived at the years of maturity may reflect upon the past with a sweet, sad pleasure as being the happiest period of their lives. We were all boys and girls once, and not one of us is so far removed from the hey-day of youth that we have forgotten the pleasures of childish sports. Even while I write, pleasant recollections are crowding my memory and filling my heart with youthful vivacity. When afflictions, adversity, unrequited hopes, and unsympathizing hearts rise up before us, fair would we say:

"Oh! would I were a boy again." Then let us not, like an old polar bear, crouch down in our chill abode where the very atmosphere that surrounds us is freezing every thing into an iceberg. Think how many, many hundred yearning hearts are craving to be anchored in the haven of home. How many thirsty souls are starving for kind looks and gentle tones. Then let us gain the confidence and affections of our children. Breathe into their souls the spirit of love and devotion, that they may look upon us as being the bright orbs of cheerful contentment, whose luminous rays are able to light up all the crannies and crevices in our domestic abode.—*New York World* of June 17th.

The pupils of the first class of the asylum had their annual graduating picnic excursion last Saturday. Instead of visiting any place very near to Hartford by omnibus ride, as in past years, this year's excursion was made to Bay Brook Point by the Valley Railroad. Five teachers of the asylum and two teachers of the High School accompanied them, by invitation, to "assist" in the appropriate exercises of the day. These consisted of a most delightful morning railroad ride of two hours along the banks of New England's most beautiful river, six hours of invigorating sea breeze and alternate seaside rambling and resting, judiciously interrupted by a "grove dinner" of extraordinary merit and magnitude, and a return afternoon ride of equal pleasure and perhaps greater beauty than the morning's. The experience was a new one to some of the class, who had never before seen (nor tasted) tide water, and the enjoyment of the day by all the party was perfect. The charm of the railroad ride cannot be overlooked. It quite equals in beauty the steamboat ride, and is rapid and stimulating in its succession of scenes. In a dustless and brilliant June day like last Saturday, it would surely win the votes of a majority of experienced excursionists.—*Daily News*, June 20th.

—A destructive storm swept over New York on the afternoon of June 15th, causing damages to buildings, awnings, signs, and shipping in the harbor.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Irv A. W. Mann held two sermons in Columbus, O., Sunday June 14th.

Milton A. Jones, of Richland, N. Y. is making an important addition to his barn.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Jones, of Richland, made us a short but very pleasant social call last Sunday evening.

The Raindrop, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, is rapidly gaining the good opinion of its readers.

Rev. Jacob Rohrheimer, of Cleveland, has been re-appointed a trustee of the Ohio Institution for the next five years.

We are indebted to C. A. Corey, of San Francisco, for an article clipped from the *Call*, describing "Exhibition by the California Institution" published elsewhere in our paper.

Professor Alphonso Johnson, of the Central New York Institution, was in town the latter part of last week, spent a night, made brief visits at our home and that of Mrs. G. J. Chandler, and returned to Rome Saturday morning.

Mr. William L. Wilson, of Peterboro, N. H., and Miss Almeda M. Putnam, of Oxford, Me., were married June 8th. For the present they will make their home in Peterboro. Both are graduates of the American Asylum.

"Colonel" Arthur bolt, of Transfer, O., says he graduated (?) from the Ohio Institution, and that he married Miss Jennie Janssen December 25th, 1873. His wife died of consumption July 29th, 1875. He says he owns a house and land, and works at his trade—shoemaking—in his own shop. Mr. A. is a subscriber for and likes our paper.

A writer whose extreme modesty prompts him to us to withhold his name, says Alice Allison of Concord, N. H., walked 76 miles, carrying 15 pounds, through 18 towns, in 13 hours, occupying portions of two days, and showed no signs of fatigue; that the next day he went fishing with Frank P. Bartlett, of Nottingham, N. H., where he was making a visit, and caught 80 good-sized fish in three hours.

YESTERDAY forenoon was wholly occupied by the examination of Miss King's pupils in articulation. There are about thirty of these pupils, mostly semi-mutes, selected from the two hundred and twenty pupils of the asylum. Their progress, as shown by this examination, has been very satisfactory. Experience has fully shown, not only the asylum, but in other institutions, that the articulation method proves practically successful with only a few pupils, and rarely with any except semi-mutes.—*Daily News*, June 11th.

TODAY funeral services of last week, occasioned the postponement of our trip to the woods to Friday morning. The day was somewhat lowering, and soon after noon a continued dash of rain interrupted the pleasures of the day. Our household was conveyed, as in previous years, to the county fair grounds by the Oak Street Railroad. The morning rambles and games and the bountiful dinner were fully up to the standard. The succeeding shower and the hastened return to the city gave way to the afternoon the proverbial character of Friday.—*Mule's Chronicle*, June 14th.

TAX gallaudet cadets gave their promised drill last evening, and were honored with the presence and applause of quite a number of spectators, notwithstanding the showers which both preceded and followed the parade. Several military men were among the spectators and expressed themselves as surprised at the readiness and precision of the drill. The following is the register of the cadets: Capt. C. S. Slocum; 1st Sergt., George A. McWilliams; 2d Sergt., A. E. Porter; 3d Sergt., George R. DeLaite; 4th Sergt., T. S. Rock; 5th Sergt., George E. Stont. Privates, G. A. Abrams, J. J. Beiford, H. F. Brown, A. Bixby, F. H. Clarkson, E. E. Estabrook, William Ely, E. H. French, A. S. Johnson, E. O. Lewis, M. B. Muller, A. J. Martin, H. A. Marr, Joseph O'Brien, Edwin Randall, John Roberts, F. H. Stover, Mitchell Swett, Joseph Wedge, F. D. Williams, W. T. White.—*Daily News*, June 11th.

Our respected and venerable friend Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henrietta, N. H., writes that the next meeting of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission, it is talked, will be held at Hooksett some time in July or early in August, whenever Thomas Gallaudet can spare the time to be present, and that due notice of it will be published in the *JOURNAL*. Mr. Brown has to give up meeting many of his friends at the coming convention of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association on account of the long distance from his home (we very much regret that he cannot be present,) says that when he can make it convenient he will try to send us some of Colonel Smith's history, and also that of John H. Lloyd. His health, he says, is gradually improving with a favorable change of the weather. We hope to hear from Mr. Brown as often as he can make it.

COMMISSIONERS BRAMAN, FOSTER AND DEVERENX and assistant Secretary Fanning, of the State Board of Charities, have recently visited and inspected the State and local institutions of charity in the central and western parts of the State, including the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, the Oneida County Poorhouse and Insane Asylum and the Central New York Institute for Deaf-Mutes at Rome, Jefferson County Orphan Asylum, the State Asylum for Idiots at Syracuse and Watertown, the State Asylum for the Blind at Batavia, the State Reformatory at Elmira, the Willard Asylum and the State Asylum for Insane Criminals, the Cayuga County Poorhouse at Auburn and the Albany Almshouse. This system of inspection will be extended during the summer to all the State and local charities.—*New York World* of June 17th.

John Schuman, aged 47, born in Germany, died of heart disease June 16th, leaving a wife. We have no particular reason to doubt that the writer's letter contained facts, and nothing but facts, but the reputed "witness" cannot be regarded as very competent evidence of the facts without something to strengthen the testimony, as the document submitted to us for publication has no bona fide name appended to it, nor does it even contain date, residence of the writer of the news, (?) nor does it inform us whether Mr. Schuman died in Greenland, Australia, Siberia, or California. We do know that people die of heart disease in all parts of the world, therefore we presume that this man (probably a deaf-mute) died of that trouble, but in what part of this mundane sphere the sad event occurred, or from what point on mother earth the "witness" penultimate information, we are willing to confess our ignorance. The writer will confer a great favor by "writing up the case" a little more explicitly for the benefit of our readers.

SAYS THE NEW YORK SUN OF SATURDAY: Officer Kiernan passed a warrant up to Justice Bixby yesterday, in the Essex Market Police Court, and pointed to half a dozen men who were silently watching him. They were all deaf-mutes. Justice Bixby poised his eye glasses on his nose and looked at the array of respectably dressed men, whose faces expressed a desire to be understood. John Heinemann, a cabinetmaker, living in Sixth street, had caused the arrest of Andrew Weinberg, a tailor, living in East Tenth street, on the charge of assaulting him. While the deaf-mutes were regarding the Justice with puzzled looks, Weinberg's daughter, a neatly-dressed girl, came forward and said that she could talk with the deaf-mutes. She assured the Justice that she would interpret faithfully, and she was sworn to do so. With deaf fingers she acted as the court's interpreter. When one of the witnesses was about to testify, Weinberg sprang forward to the desk, caught up the Bible, rapidly turned over the pages, and making a few rapid, expressive gestures to the Justice indicating a desire that the witness be sworn on the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The witness told their stories through the girl interpreter, and the girl's father was put under bonds for a nominal sum to keep the peace.

## VALUABLE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE RAINDROP is a monthly magazine of interesting stories for the Deaf and Dumb. Terms, one dollar a year. Send 10 cents for a specimen number. Address *The Raindrop*, Turtle Creek, Allegheny Co., Pa.

## A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JUNE 29th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 29th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis xxxvii.

2d Lesson—Acta xi.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 29th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis xlvi.

2d Lesson—2 Tim. iii and iv, to v. 9.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

## THE EDITOR ENDORSED.

SEEING SOME PEOPLE AS OTHERS SEE THEM.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Your weekly visitor for June 12th is at hand; and is replete, as usual, with spicy, newswy, and interesting matter. Allow me to say that I was especially well pleased with your reasonable article on "Local deaf-mute societies." It is high time this nefarious business was overhauled, and, methinks, every honest, self-respecting mute in the land will thank you for what you have written towards exposing the demoralizing practice which threatens to engulf us all in a flood-tide of disgrace. You handled the subject without gloves, and were not sparing of invective. Yet much more might be said; in fact, if the whole truth were told about those begging societies, their officers, and agents, with full details of their true inwardness, it would require the whole space of the *Journal*, and open such a chapter of disgraceful proceedings among certain muties for the past ten years that, for very shame, one would wish to forbear.

The evil dates back to the organization of that gigantic swindle the "Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union" by a certain party in Boston. He is gone to his final account, but the example thus set by one high in position has continued its wide-spread corrupting influence to the present day, so that every lazy fellow who hates work wants to start a society of some kind, and send out agents to beg, in order that he may live on the proceeds thereof. Truly may such societies be styled "vampires upon the public wall," and it is gratifying to know that the intelligent, self-respecting muties now look upon all those engaged in this disgraceful begging business with the contempt it deserves, and that the hearing community begins to understand something of the true state of affairs, and refuse longer to be imposed upon by these roving beggars.

Under these circumstances, it is high time for a reform; and where shall the good work begin? Let the various deaf-mute societies of good standing take the lead, and try and see if they cannot get along independent of aid from the public. There are now in most deaf-mute communities one or more of their number capable of leading Bible-class or conducting a service, which should be done in a Christ-like spirit—without money and without price—while a room could be obtained, rent free, in some church. If a preacher from a distance were desired the muties could raise the the amount necessary to defray his traveling expenses by weekly contributions among themselves. Thus they would enjoy independence, be more likely to appreciate their religious privileges, and one whole class would be relieved of the disgrace attached to beggary.

Yours respectfully,  
IGNATIUS.

## THE SHARPLESS SEEDLINGS AGAIN.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Will you allow me to present my contribution for insertion in your lovely and smiling paper? I am very much interested in reading it, as I know several muties whose names are mentioned in it, and also speaking persons. Some were my classmates in the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes. I will be glad to hear from them again when I get another paper. I think every mute should take your paper. I have often thought of sending some news for your paper, but something has prevented my writing, and now I will do it. The letter from Jarrad, in the *Journal* of April 23d, made it appear that Catawissa is remarkable for the strawberries called Sharpless Seedling. I shall have to tell about them again. I think your readers would be surprised to see them, with their hands uplifted, eyes open, (like the eyes of an owl) and mouths open (like a green person,) if they were in Catawissa. I feel proud of the Sharpless Seedling, named, I suppose, after Mr. J. K. Sharpless, of the town of Catawissa, whose population is 1,500. Some are larger than any of your readers and friends have ever eaten. Some are of the size and shape of an egg. Mr. Mercervay took a large one with him to the Centennial in Philadelphia. I think Mr. J. K. Sharpless is renowned as an original gardener. He has, for many years, nursed his own garden, and now his ground is rich. Some years ago he cut the young plants of the old vines and planted them. They are called Sharpless Seedling. Last fall and this spring he had large orders for plants to send to various parts of the country. Who can beat this small town of humble Catawissa? But it has no court-house.

Mr. Swartz got some plants from Mr. Sharpless as a present, and has been trying them for three years. At last he is successful in making them bear, and raised several big strawberries this summer. If he is still successful he will try to plant more young ones in another larger bed, for sale, but he can't tell till he sees whether they grow nicely.

Messrs. Swartz and Ellis would like to see Mr. Job Turner here after his visit to Norris Austin, of Monroe, Pa., who was Mr. Swartz's schoolmate. It is not very far from Monroe to their place, and it is on the same railroad. They are still interested in reading his letters.

On the 5th inst. Mr. W. W. Swartz took a train for Bloomsburg to see a good-natured girl (a mute) named Miss Mamie Nuss, but he was disappointed

at her absence from home. She had gone to Mainville, five miles from here. She has been staying with her relatives for two weeks. She expects to go to the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Institution next fall. Her mother says that she has often said she wanted to go there.

Last May M. J. Ellis was sick with nervous palpitation for a few days, but his friends will be glad to hear that he is convalescent. Messrs. Swartz and Ellis may go to Berwick to see Miss Julia Houck next August, when camp-meeting begins at Headley Grove. William C. Harder, (a mute) who lives in this town, has no trade, but sometimes he helps his relatives at gardening and sawing and cutting fire wood. Some weeks ago he helped Mr. Swartz do the same.

Yours truly,  
BUB.  
Catawissa, Pa., June 19, 1879.

## PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

DEAR EDITOR:—Perhaps some excuse should be made to your paper. I am fearful that you consider me neglectful of your very handsome and interesting paper, which affords me much pleasure in being one of its correspondents. Professor Turner said, that the thermometer stood at 90 degrees, but I think it was hotter here than at Houston. It stood at 98 or 99 here. Rev. H. W. Syle, our beloved pastor, was in town a few days ago, and is at home now. I am happy to say that he is improving in his health, but he had pains in his head yet when I saw him. I hope he will get strong and well again. He said he expects to stay here a few weeks, then he will be gone again for his health. All deaf-mutes who attended the church on the 8th of this month, where Mr. Stevenson conducted the services, were glad to see him again.

Last Sunday morning Rev. John Chamberlain celebrated our regular communion. There were about 40 communicants at church. Mr. William Stevenson, the father of Henry S. Stevenson, who used to conduct services as a lay-reader, is confined to his house by illness. He was shoemaking, as a laster, but he left his work on account of poor health. He is about 61 years of age. I was told that he had worked in a shoe shop for 21 years. He graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

Mr. Franklin P. Zell, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, is a weaver in the Campbell Mills in Manayunk, seven miles from here. He lives there with his parents. He is a member of our literary association.

William Siprett graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution in 1878. He is 18 years old. He always attends church and Bible-class regularly. His occupation is that of a paper machine feeder. He is much esteemed by his friends. He is an enemy of all liquors.

The exhibition of the weekly exercises of the pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes will close this afternoon for the season. They will be resumed in October.

The meetings of the Clerc Deaf-Mute Literary Association and Ephphatha Guild have been suspended until next September.

Rev. Dr. William Rudder, rector of St. Stephen's Church, where the deaf-mutes attend, sailed for Europe on the 28th of last month. He will be absent this summer.

I wish all readers of the *Journal* to remember that a grand deaf-mute picnic will be held at Glenolden Grove on the 12th of July. Glenolden, near the railroad station, is a delightful and pleasant place. Of course it will afford all deaf-mutes who attend it joy and health. I have no doubt that it will be an entire success. The tickets are only 25 cents for adults and 15 cents for children. Mr. John D. Zeigler, chairman of the committee on picnic, has more than 125 tickets to be sold—any time before July 12th. He wants all deaf-mutes to be present. It is expected that Rev. John Chamberlain will be present. Doubtless all deaf-mutes will enjoy it much better than the one last year.

Mr. John Schutz, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, was at Atlantic City last week Wednesday. Yours truly,  
OBSERVER.  
Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1879.

## AM I NOT FONDLY THINE?

I beg to add one more name to the list of "Rambler's" admirers. I have read his writings with pleasure and interest. Of course "we can't all have him," but "all is fair in love and war." I believe I know who he is, and that he is not a mute. Of course I don't stand as fair a chance as sweet sixteen, for, let me whisper, I am on the shady side of spinsterhood; but "never venture, never have," so here goes.

"Now, lad, an' thero's 'ony amang yo' Wad like just up me to ca'.  
Yo'll find me no ill to be courted,  
For shyness I ha' put awa'.  
And if yo' shoud want a bit wife  
Ye'll ken to what quare to draw;  
And we'll aye get a kissin or twa."

GERALDINE.

It is not always best to be too communicative in regard to your own plans. It is true there is safety in good council, but the wise farmer keeps his mind to himself. If he succeeds, people will know it; if he fails, his losses are to himself, and, by keeping the lessons they teach, he may yet come out ahead.

Our neighbor, Mexico, has raised the import duty on manufactured cotton.

## PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 20, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL.—Before going home for vacation, which begins on the 25th of June, I wish to send some news to your worthy paper.

Our temperance society was suspended on the 8th inst., till next fall, and so was our literary society on the 18th inst. We expect to re-organize these two societies next fall. The literary society has been, of course, very useful to its members, who can combine the ideas and express them well in their discussions.

On Saturday, June 7th, a base-ball game was played between the Union Base-Ball Club (our own nine) and the nine juniors at Girard College, on their grounds, which resulted in favor of the latter by a score of 43 to 12.

Yesterday (Thursday) we were glad to receive a visit from five students of the National Deaf-Mute College, and we tried to please them as much as possible. They were Messrs. Elwell, Henry White, William White, John Dougherty, and Van Damme. We invited all these students except Elwell, who was absent, to visit our debating society last evening. We represented to them how our society got along, that is, by its rules, order, etc. Four of the members debated on the subject "Which is preferable, summer or winter?" for about thirty minutes. The summer admirers gained the appellation of "King of the time of pleasures." Messrs. Henry and William White seemed to be unable to hold their mouths shut, for they had to laugh when Mr. Lee, a funny mimic, who was in favor of summer, made some comical signs. Messrs. Henry White and Dougherty made some brief remarks to the society in regard to the usefulness of a society. We tendered them a vote of thanks for their worthy remarks. The students seemed to have enjoyed themselves exceedingly well. Three of them, Messrs. Henry and William White and John Dougherty, left this city for New York early this morning. I was told that Mr. Dougherty is going on a journey to New York, then to Boston, back to New York again, and then back to this city, then to Washington, D. C., and to St. Louis, if I am not mistaken.

## A PUPIL.

## A LITTLE OF MR. KNIGHT'S LOVE EXPERIENCE.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 16, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—To all deaf-mutes do I speak, not in an angry tongue, but with a kindness, to which I hope will all take heed. This is even for girls as well as men. I saw something in the last week's paper, written by some deaf-mute lady, telling about "turning up their noses at deaf-mute ladies." Well, it is often just so with the ladies also. I don't favor either side a bit. A man goes and sees a young lady, and courts a while, then the young man or lady generally wants to ask one or the other if he has plenty of money—"is he rich," or, "are you rich?" Oh what fools they are. What is money good for towards love? Love belongs above money. Lovers of souls are Christ's. To tell the truth, I would rather be an old bachelor than to ask or court for money. Remember that money will not last long, but love is eternal here and hereafter. Now don't they see the true facts? I have tried five young speaking ladies, two of whom are wealthy, but I found them half-lovers. Now I am trying a deaf-mute lady, whom I have not found a single fault with thus far.

Now I will tell you why; because I did not go for wealth, neither did she ask me many things about property. Now all I went for was *Love, Love, Love*, which I was determined to have or go without.

I can tell you of my own sister, who only a few years ago was married. Well, before she was married she told me that she would be a fool to marry a poor man. Well, she loved money. So after they were married they lived together but one year, when her husband suddenly died. I again asked her if she loved money. "No" was her only reply.

Yours truly,  
C. E. KNIGHT.

## WHAT IS A GOOD EDUCATION?

Edward Everett's definition of a good education was: "Read the English language well, write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice, and if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, you have an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all others logics and sophistics are ostentatious rubbish."

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

June 18, Flint, Mich.  
" 20, Mich. City, Ind., 3 p. m.  
" 22, Chicago, Ill.  
" 27, Dayton, O.  
" 29, Cincinnati, " " " " "  
July 6, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
" 9, Jackson, Mich.  
" 10, Grand Rapids " " "  
" 11, Flint, " " "  
" 13, Detroit, " " "  
" 18, Indianapolis, Ind.  
" 20, St. Louis, Mo.

Other appointments will be made later on.

Men may judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks at the efforts themselves.

## A DEAL-MUTE'S REMINISCENCE OF DECORATION DAY.

(Mute's Chronicle, Columbus, O., June 14.)

The center of the lot where sleep four hundred and ninety-two of our nation's defenders was occupied by a banner placed there by Mr. A. G. Dewland, and suitably inscribed. He also wrote the following ode incorporated into the published report of the cere-

## A GOOD NATURED MAN.

I saw the good natured man on the train, to-day, and I envied him. His wife was sick; her mother, who accompanied them, was tired and rather sarcastic, not to say peremptory; the children all looked worried and dragged, their faces were dirty, and the baby howled every time the train started and waited every time it stopped, and fretted while it stood still, and cried all the time it was in motion. But that man, a big round shouldered giant with old clothes on and hands as big as the hand of fate, never fussed or fretted nor once looked back or discouraged. He told the quarreling children stories, he petted his tired, sick wife, he caressed her mother and sang—merciful heavens, such singing—to the baby, until I envied him. He was the first good natured man I have seen for eleven years, and he was going, he told me, to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I wasn't surprised at it. Lancaster is just the kind of place to develop such masculine angels. It is itself one of the happiest, best natured places I know.

Did you ever think what a rarity the good natured man is? You don't often meet him. Think, now, if you know one of him. Think over your list of acquaintances, and see if you can find him.

The funny man, he is common enough. Every newspaper has one of him. There are plenty of funny men. The droll man, he lurks on every street corner, and whistles on every dry goods box. You find the witty man at every social gathering; you meet him a great many times when you don't want to see him. But a real, thoroughly good natured man—brethren, he is a rarity. When I hear a good natured man, I want to put him on trial; and it isn't enough that he says droll things down town, and makes everybody in the store laugh at his funny stories. Ah, no. This is a terribly thin testimony to bring into court to support a reputation for being good natured. Everybody is good natured down town. I want to see him travel forty-eight hours in a crowded day coach with his family. It is easy for him to be good natured with a crowd of happy fellows over a handful of good cigars and a cluster of stories in the smoking car. Before I pass on the man's character for good nature, I would like to see the depictions of his wife and children. I would like to cross-examine his mother and sisters. I would like to hear the evidence of his dog.

You can't tell the good natured man by any national characteristics. From rise to set of sun, Ireland is famous for its ready wit and rollicking humor. But when the police court opens in the morning, it is Patrick who brings the assortment of black eyes and broken heads into the court; it is Bridget whose husband has been giving her "a bit of a bating," and there is nothing peculiarly good natured about that.

How merry and vivacious is laughing France! But it is not good nature to jump a rapier through your friend because he accidentally misses the accent on your name.

Italy dances and sings under the shadow of classical centuries, but, alas, she also stands under your distracted window for hours, with a hand organ and a monkey, or calmly cuts your throat by moonlight in the coliseum.

Germany lifts its scholarly head from amid the mists of philosophy to mingle its light-hearted jests and merry gayety with the melodious chorus of drinking songs, and then dejectedly hangs or shoots itself into eternity because it can't fathom the mysterious problem of human existence, or because a suspender button gives way.

America, who so happy and full of laughter as we? We laugh at death, when it happens in another man's family, and fling mud and lies and hate and slander and political filth all over our own brother, if he happens to run for congress on the opposition ticket.

Clearly no nation has any monopoly on the good natured man. He isn't necessarily funny, sometimes he is stupid. Often he is ignorant. But always, he is a domestic blessing. Young man, if you have any photographic aspirations, if you want to do good in the world, if you want to be a blessing to mankind and your family, don't try to be funny. Don't cultivate sarcasm. Be good natured.—Detroit Free Press.

## SUNSTROKE AND ITS TREATMENT.

The weather men who predicted the late cold term for the summer of '79 have also prophesied that it will be followed by an exceedingly hot "spell." One of the consequences attendant upon this torrid heat is the frequency with which sunstrokes occur. As the season is now here when cases of sunstroke are to be anticipated, a few hints as to their avoidance and directions for the treatment of patients will probably prove of some interest. A prominent physician connected with a Philadelphia hospital says: "Let the patient be taken indoors without delay; allow plenty of air to enter the room; strip the body and sponge freely with cold water, or if ice is handy pour it in a linen cloth and apply a vigorous rubbing. When the temperature of the body has been reduced wrap it in soaking-wet sheets, replacing them as they become warm. Simple heat exhaustion may be distinguished from sunstroke by the fact that the sufferer from the former complaint trembles, the muscles twitch and the nasal organ emits a sound resembling a snore. In such a case as this brandy may be administered with safety, while a dose of from ten to fifteen grains of quinine will also mate-

rially assist in reducing the temperature of the body. Sunstroke is liable to occur when bodily temperature is nearing 110°, the normal temperature being 98°. In hot weather light clothing should be worn, and the bowels and kidneys kept in good order. A daily dose of citrate of magnesia will effect the latter object. Fat people especially should be cautious, as they are liable to absorb more heat and retain it than medium sized or lean people."

The only stimulant used in the treatment of the patients is brandy. Last year, in Philadelphia, under this method of treatment not a single person suffering from sunstroke died from its effects. It would be well for every one, inasmuch as he may suffer himself or be called upon to treat persons suffering from sunstroke, to learn and remember the substance of the foregoing simple directions. He will therefore be in position to render assistance in case it be needed, and consequently be of service to his fellow-man in distress.

## ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES AT THE ILLINOIS INSTITUTION.

[Advance of June 14th.]

Whatever interest gathered at this institution, the popular mind and heart seemed yet more in sympathy with the young men and women, who had completed their education here, if we may judge by the closing exercises which, on Wednesday forenoon, occurred in the chapel, of which the gallery was well filled by intelligent and respectable spectators. It is not unnatural that this meeting, which is a visible expression of the substantial unity of all the educated classes of people, should attract a more general interest than the gathering of our more favored brethren. Under the charge of Mrs. Griffith, the chapel was tastefully decorated with evergreens, which were also dotted with roses and flowers as emblems of affection, joy and hope.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Prof. Wait, for thirty-one years a teacher here, and one of the ablest masters of the sign-language in the country. Without undertaking to follow the interesting programme through, we will simply introduce to our readers our graduates with their original literary productions.

John W. Hammock, a semi-mute of Havana, selected as his subject "Taxation." Though taxation without representation is one of the worst forms of

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

## WORK.

Of all the words in the English language there is not one which contains so much magic as the little word work. It is the lever that moves the world; it is the foundation of all true happiness and the corner-stone of prosperity.

And yet after serious consideration, we have concluded that one of the greatest factors of the present "hard times" is the growing disinclination to work. We see this truth too plainly verified in the thousands of tramps who infest our country every year, pretending to be in search of work, but really resorting to this way to avoid it.

Now what is the cause and the cure of the sad state of affairs? The cause is plain, but the cure may well occupy the attention of those who are interested in our nation's welfare.

We have heard of men who have amassed riches by hard, diligent labor say that they did not want their children to work as hard as they had done, seemingly forgetful that it was by work that their success came.

They proceed to educate them in just such a way as to make them practically good for nothing. These children grow up with the idea that all work, and especially manual work, is degrading. The parents soon pass away, and these children, after spending the money left them, sink into poverty and want.

It is this sort of training that is ruining our people. If the parents are wealthy the children are not taught to be industrious and economical, but rather despise labor. If they are poor and obliged to work, still they are not taught that labor is honorable and idleness disgraceful, but, too often, both by precept and example, they are taught exactly the reverse. If they do work it is because they are compelled, and their greatest desire is to escape it as soon as possible. And is it not a lamentable fact that this unwise and foolish teaching finds its way into the school-rooms? Not by direct precepts, perhaps, but by that stronger influence—example. We know of many teachers who are careful to avoid work, such as bringing in fuel, sweeping, etc., while in the presence of their pupils, as by so doing they would compromise their dignity and the respect of their scholars?

Would it not be wise to pause and consider where such progress will lead us?

Is it not safe to say that many thousands have rushed into every profession or avocation that requires little or no manual labor solely to avoid work? In the ministry we find those who would do far better behind the plow than the pulpit; among the M. D.'s are scores who have never benefitted any of their race save the dealers in tombstones; behind the counter are hosts of strong robust men measuring ribbon at one-half the wages they could command at the forge, the bench or behind the plow; and even in our own honorable profession are there not those who have become teachers because they wished to avoid work?

Bear in mind that it is the person who honors the place—not the place that honors the person. Let us teach our scholars that it is more honor to perform the duties of the humblest position of life faithfully than to fill the highest place poorly.

As to teachers we should try to inculcate by precept and yet more by example, the wonderful power of work. Education has failed to produce the best results if it has failed to teach us to be honest, faithful, earnest workers wherever we may be.

## BE NOT CRITICAL.

[The S. S. Visitor.]

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We do not mean a newspaper critic, but one in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one good, and it will do you very great harm, if you mind being called disagreeable. If you do not like any one's chin, do not put your feelings into words. If any one's manners do not please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, the dress of one, and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you; and if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take the pains to suit you.

## THE INFIDEL'S CHOICE FOR HIS SON.

Neibuh, the German infidel, was a prince among historians, and so, also, among skeptics and after having tried for a life-time, and thus, by experience, known the influence of doubt and skepticism, he says of his son, "I will have him taught that he shall believe in the letter of The Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him, from his infancy, a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about. What a testimony for the Christian religion, and what a confirmation of infidelity!"

Every soul is an unrecognized Cromona, and the master's part is to discover the possibilities of sweet harmonies which lie therein, to take the bow of truth and bid them awake.—Sunday Afternoon.

The expert before a combination bank-lock, when the combination is unknown to him, is in a position similar to that in which are placed even the most skillful teachers by their endeavor to reach certain minds.

Many as are the minds of men, the forms which Christian truth has taken and can still assume are no fewer.

A certain writer says, Jesus was addressing the best eleven men in the world when he said, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

C. F. GREEN, Treas.

## SUNDAY READING.

### JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

BY WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

Jerusalem, the golden!  
Fair city of the blest,  
Sweet home of peace and rest!  
When shall we reach thy portal,  
And gladly enter in  
To life and joy immortal,  
And free from grief and sin?

Jerusalem, the golden!  
The time seems weary-long  
Till in thy walls enfolden  
We join the happy throng,  
With waving palms above,  
Sing through the glad forever  
The song of heavenly love.

Jerusalem, the golden!  
Thy gates we can not see,  
For here the eyes are holden,  
That longing turn to thee,  
But oft our thoughts mount upward,  
To roost thy fields so fair,  
And find no earthly pleasures

Like those they gather there.

Jerusalem, the golden!  
How oft mid Life's turmoil,  
Sweet thoughts of thee emboden,  
Our hearts grow faint with toil!

Our falling strength renewing,  
Afrods we struggle on,  
One end pursuing—  
Thy rest when work is done!

## DO NOT WORRY.

We are plagued, worried, and wear a girdle of fret, when we might dwell in a region where all is quietness and peace. We are just like a person who should take his ticket and then insist on bearing his luggage about with him, instead of leaving it at the proper receptacle.

If we are true Christians, we have a great burden bearer, ready and willing to carry our load, however heavy. Why don't we realize it? How prone we are, after depositing it there, to take it up again, and go staggering under the heavy load. All this dishonors the Master, and brings reproach on His cause.

What a stumbling-block we are to the unconverted! No wonder they say, "How little his religion does for him, when it can not sustain him under the ordinary trials of life." What an amount of infelicity is caused in the domestic circle by this disposition! It is enough to destroy the peace of any family, whatever their surroundings.

A good Methodist sister said: "If I fail of heaven, I believe it will be because my servants have worried me into an unchristian spirit." She did not go to God for strength to meet these daily annoyances as she ought.

The business man who lives in this disquietude, not only worries out his life, but that of all about him. It requires an unusual amount of firmness for one to be calm and do his best for his employer, who is always in a state of disturbance.

The trouble is, we do not take the Saviour into partnership. If we realize our stewardship, and are conducting our business to His glory, why not consult Him daily respecting it? Then if we yield ourselves to His guidance, we know it will be right. Such a full trust would save the life of many a noble man, who to-day is laying the foundation of an early grave by his unrest.—Congregationalist.

## TRUE WELFARE.

The very worst thing that could happen to a man would be for him to carry out his own purposes; to do just what he wants to do; to secure that which he thinks best for him. If we could have our own way, it would be the ruin of us; and we should be the unhappiest creatures imaginable while on the way to ruin. We know what we want, but we don't know what we ought to want. God knows what is best for us; and he is planning not only to secure it to us, but to bring us to want what is better for us to have and to hold, and to yield the pursuit of that which is not for our true welfare.

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## RESOLUTION IN INDIANA BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION AFFAIRS—FARMING OUT THE FAT THINGS.

[Special Correspondence of the Enquirer.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 12, 1879.

THE STATE BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS

Have for some time been the subject of violent newspaper discussion, not only at the Capital, but in all parts of the State, the Republican papers generally insisting that the changes made in the management were hurtful to the public interests, while the Democratic press insists that the changes were necessary for the public good. But any observer with ordinary intelligence will come to the conclusion that the most of this outcry is the result of

make a motion, and, taking the list between the teeth, put their man—that is Dr. James man—in the office. Johnson's share of the patronage seemed to be

THE MATION'S OFFICE, and he designated Miss Helen Colvin, of Kentucky. The meeting at which she was elected primarily was held in the city, and the first intimation any one had of her appointment was her appearance at the institution with Mr. Johnson who presented her as the "new Matron," and, with the introduction, the significant expression, that she was a very dear friend of his wife's, and whoever was her friend was his." She was credited with a residence at New Albany, but the correspondent of the *Sentinel* at that place at once wrote his paper that no such person had lived there. It is not claimed that she has ever had any experience as a teacher, house-keeper or executive officer. At any rate, there are a few thousand Democrats in Indiana who have relatives competent to fill this office, and they insist that, as Mr. Johnson owes his place to Governor Williams and a Democratic Legislature, he should bestow the loaves on the people of the State which gave him the office. Fishback protested against her, but the other members "laughed him to scorn," and she was duly installed. Fishback took his hat and left the meeting. Yesterday the Board met, that is James and Fishback in the course of which Mr. Fishback announced that he would approve no pay-roll or other vouchers upon which the name of Miss Colvin appears. This closes out this case, but, oh! the row that will follow. No money can be paid except upon a voucher approved by Fishback as President of the Board. Fishback won't talk and the others don't want to; but as they had their laugh first they can now sit back and see Fishback enjoy his. It is fortunate that the vacation of the school is at hand, and it is to be hoped that when the September term begins the institution will be in competent hands and without any internal discords. The mistaken idea that these public institutions are the private property of Trustees, and can be farmed out by them at pleasure, was an argument in the canvass last year, and the present managers should keep this idea in view. JAYHAWK.

"ERNESTINE."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Last Saturday afternoon my dear friend "Ernestine" was requested to come to Boston to attend the service held by Rev. T. Gallaudet on the eighth inst. She never saw him before, but an introduction was granted to her. He baptized two babies. One belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Evans, the other to Mr. and Mrs. Black Welch. There were many present to witness the baptism at St. Paul's Church.

"Ernestine" is still staying with her aunt Lucinda. She has enjoyed herself so far. She came to my home last Wednesday afternoon, and stayed to supper. After supper I went to Boston with her to attend the lecture which Black Welch delivered. His subject was "Crossus and Cyrus." The audience was not fair; the majority of inutes went to Charlestown to see the walking professionals, Frisbee and Gerry. They were challenged \$50 a side to walk ten miles. I did not care to go and see them walk. Frisbee won, but it was a rather unsuccessful work?

The Herald reported it a foul play.

I don't wonder the professionals and amateurs think more of money and medals than their health. Are they any wiser? Your readers have seen that O'Leary's health has failed from walking. He said he never would walk again. Some have died from walking in the same way. They will find out sooner or later that it is a dangerous thing to run and walk both. God does not praise those who think more of walking for money and medals than of Him. I would like to advise those deaf-mutes not to walk any more on account of their health. I have advised my friends not to walk, but they seem not to care for my advice. I don't want the honors of worldly things.

I met "Ernestine" and her aunt at the station. We were disappointed in not seeing Miss P., who intended to meet us at her aunt's nephew's home. We stopped at the Pavilion, at Revere Beach, and strolled around just for pleasure. Miss P. left word that she had gone to Nahant with a lovely companion. We spent the time in talking, and were cordially invited to tea, which invitation we accepted. After tea we played a few games of cassino with Mr. Stowe, a speaking gentleman. We left West Lynn at 8:15 p. m., bid them all good-bye, and arrived home safely. We enjoyed it pretty well, but I would not like to live in West Lynn.

"Ernestine" and her aunt went over to Cambridge this morning, and intended to visit Mount Auburn Cemetery, which is beautifully and richly situated not far from Harvard College. She expects to go to her country home next week, much to the regret of her relatives and friends. I think "Rambler" too bold to ask for "Ernestine's" correspondence. He has enough correspondents without her. "Connecticut lady is one of them. He must excuse me if he thinks I am not perfectly right in saying this. I am not a lady, as was supposed.

—Charles A. Calvert, the actor, died in London, Eng., June 16th.

—Very destructive floods recently visited some sections of Italy.

—The New York Elevated Railroad stock fell from 180 to 165 June 14th.

—William Wilson was killed in a drunken row at Cherry Mountain, N. C.

—The steamer City of Tokio recently brought 1,020 Chinese passengers to San Francisco.

—A father, his son, and his grandson were caught together stealing at Hubbardton, Vt.

—Mrs. Sigismund Von Lew, of Vienna, Austria, shot herself fatally in Cincinnati June 14th.

—It is claimed that the executors have squandered about a million of Brigham Young's property.

—Thirty thousand people marched in procession at the Corpus Christi celebration at Montreal June 15th.

—A writer in the London *Times* estimates the expenses of the Zulu war at near \$2,500,000 a week.

—Queen Victoria has become a patroness of the Italian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

—Philip Lynch, laborer, was blown from a factory chimney 115 feet to the ground and killed at Long Island City.

—The editor of the New York *Her*ald, says one of the London papers, is to hunt the tiger in Bengal next winter.

## STATISTICAL FACTS GATHERED FROM THE UNITED STATES CENSUS OF 1870.

HOW THE INDUSTRIAL MILLIONS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS ARE EMPLOYED—REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL INDUSTRIES AND PROFESSIONS CLASSIFIED.

[COMPILED FOR THE JOURNAL BY JOHN GAGE, A DEAF-MUTE, OF WINNETKA, ILL.]

ALL OCCUPATIONS.

Total persons engaged..... 12,505,923

AGRICULTURE.

Agricultural laborers..... 2,885,926

Agricists..... 1,392

Dairy men and dairy women..... 3,556

Farm and plantation overseers..... 3,609

Farmers and planters..... 2,977,713

Gardens and nursery men..... 1,000

Stock drovers..... 3,131

Stock herders..... 5,500

Stock raisers..... 6,589

Turpentine farmers..... 361

Turpentine laborers..... 2,117

Vine growers..... 1,112

Total..... 5,922,471

PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL SERVICES.

Actors..... 2,053

Apprentices to learned professions..... 353

Apprentices to barbers..... 163

Architects..... 2,017

Artists (not specified)..... 2,945

Bakers..... 2,900

Authors and lecturers..... 453

Barbers and hair dressers..... 23,933

Barthouse keepers..... 94

Billiard and bowling saloon keepers..... 1,2